

REMEDIES

From the camp medical chest came roots and herbs, long on Latin names and short on curing. But the unfortunate soldier could count on one or all of the following "cure-alls" to be inflicted, thereby increasing his sorry lot considerably.

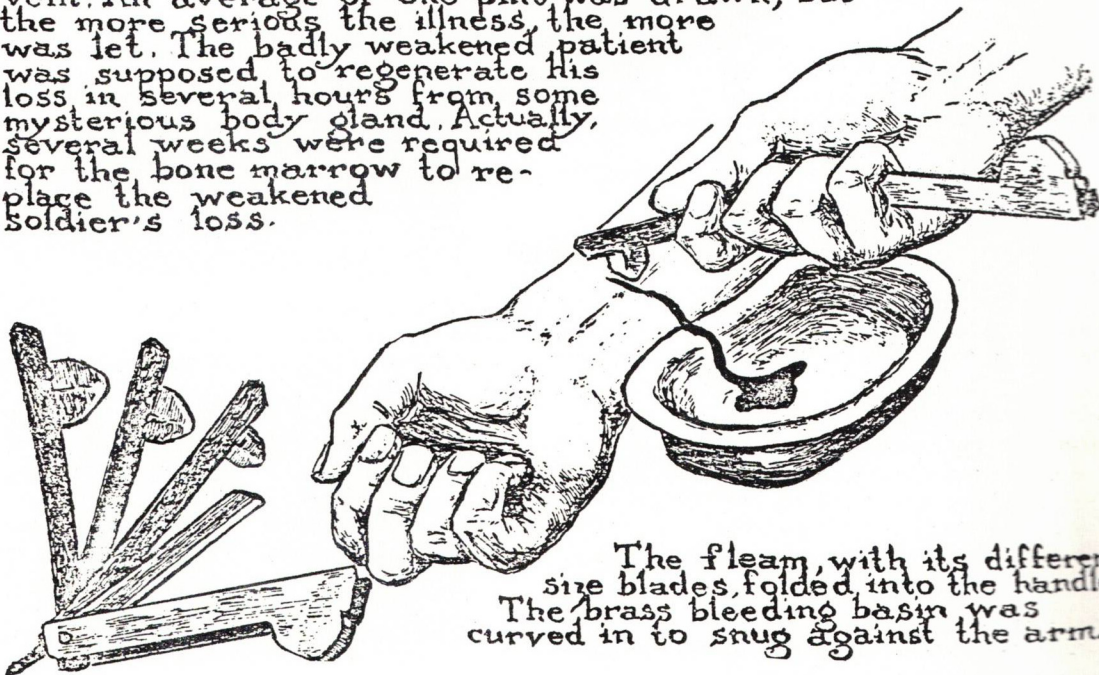
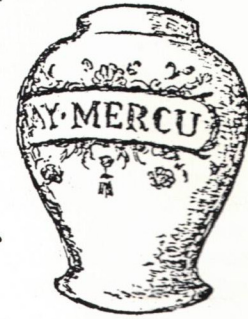
CATHARTICS OR LAXATIVES (calomel, jalap, nitre, Peruvian bark, and snake root) for purging out sickness.

EMETICS (tartar emetic, warm water and honey) for vomiting out the illness by a different pathway.

ENEMAS - still another method of flushing out illness.

BLISTERING - a caustic solution was applied to the skin to raise blisters. It was thought that the irritation drew the inflammation outside, but it succeeded only in changing the character of the soldier's pain.

BLOODLETTING - to rid the body of disease poisons, "bad" blood was drawn out by cutting an arm vein. An average of one pint was drawn, but the more serious the illness, the more was let. The badly weakened patient was supposed to regenerate his loss in several hours from some mysterious body gland. Actually, several weeks were required for the bone marrow to replace the weakened soldier's loss.



The fleam, with its different size blades, folded into the handle. The brass bleeding basin was curved in to snug against the arm.

THE COLD CURE

It was winter time on that old dirt farm in Wayne Township. It was the time of the year for running noses and sore throats. The snow was drifted in some places beyond the top of the fences, and on the level it was a foot deep. In some places, there were bare spots and the ground was frozen as hard as glass. The deep ruts in the old back lane would twist your ankle if you did not walk with extra care.

I was thirteen years old at the time, and big for my age. I was expected to do, and did, my share of the chores around that farm barn. The cows were milked and the milk cared for in cans and taken to the creamery. Jack and Jenny, the faithful team of mules, never failed to take the milk on the bobsled to the creamery. Other chores had to be taken care of and the horses had to be fed and watered. The chickens were fed and the eggs had to be hunted to make sure none of them froze.

The hogs had to be fed with a mixture generally made up of half and half ground wheat and ground corn, and mixed with sour buttermilk to a consistency of thick cream. The hogs were one of the main sources of income to us farmers, and we took great care to get them fattened up for butchering in as short a time as possible. Pigs born in February would weigh, dressed, upwards of three hundred pounds in October. Our one-hundred and thirty acre farm never failed to produce the food to fatten the hogs.

On this particular wintry morning, when I got up, I certainly felt very queer. My throat was scratchy and sore; my tonsils on one side were swollen as big as a duck egg. My nose was running and stuffed up so bad, I had to breath through my mouth. There was no mistake about it, I sure did have an old-fashioned cold.

I walked over to the window back of the stove and started to scrape the thick frost off so that I could see the lane to the barn. The snow was blowing so hard that I could hardly see the barn.

Mom came over and put her head on my forehead. "You have a fever," she said. "I hope you are not getting the mumps. They will be coming in from the barn any minute now for breakfast, and I must hurry and have it ready."

Fried ham, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, toast and coffee, and sometimes fried mush also was our breakfast.

Mom took a piece of salt pork and placed it on the side of my throat that was swollen the most. Then she wrapped some flannel around it and tied it with a stocking. Just then Pop came in from the barn with two cans of milk. He took a good look at me and said, "as soon as we have breakfast, I'll show you how to get rid of that cold and that stiff neck."

Everyone seemed to enjoy the breakfast but me. I could not eat a thing. Mom said, "Get your sweater on, and a heavy coat and your felt boots. Pop is getting ready to go to the backwoods and cut down trees, and you be ready."

Pop was a powerful heavy-set man, as strong as an ox, and I don't remember seeing him with a cold. He got the crosscut saw and a couple of steel wedges and a big wooden maul.

"Bill, you get a shovel to shovel the snow, and bring the sandwiches your mother has made and we will head for the backwoods."

After a half hour of trudging through the snowdrifts, we arrived at the most northern tip of our one-hundred and thirty acre farm. Pop selected a tall tree on the side of a small knoll and said, "Shovel the snow away from the tree, and a couple more trees while you are at it."

The sweat was running down my back from the trudge through the snow, but I felt comfortably warm.

Pop said, "Get a hold of the other end of that saw and we will get started on this one." The tree was about two feet in diameter and it was a black oak, a hardwood tree, but the saw was sharp and it traveled right through that tree while Pop kept saying, "faster, faster."

We were a little more than half-way through when the saw started to pinch, due to the sway of the tree caused by the wind. I was glad for a rest.

Pop started a steel wedge in the cutback of the saw. A couple of good whacks with that heavy maul in Pop's hands, and we were started again. Faster and faster we went and streams of water were running down my neck, but Pop kept saying "faster, faster."

By 11:30 A.M., the first tree was down and we ate the sandwiches Mom had sent along. Sandwiches never tasted so good, and I was enjoying a breathing spell.

It seemed no time at all until Pop was saying, "Let's go, get a-hold of that saw," and by three o'clock that afternoon, while the sun was starting to go down, there were three big trees laying on the ground, and Pop said, "Let's start for home."

I felt good but tired, but best of all, the stiffness in my neck was gone, and the swelling had gone down, too.

That was sixty-eight years ago, and I am now eighty-one, and I can't remember just when or where that cold went, but it must be somewhere among those tall trees in the backwoods of that old farm in Wayne Township.

DO YOU REMEMBER

DEARER THANGOLD-the ration stamp book (During the critical years of world war II, the government set up a rationing program. This was to enable every family to obtain its share of the items made scarce by the war production.)

ICE HARVESTING

The piano used to be the indispensable piece of furniture like the television is today

The old green window shade

The old unique, kerosene lamp

Castor Oil

The Edison Phonograph

The Stereoscope & colored Stereoscopic views

Homemade games children played